

Yet He Meant Well.
William Henry Harrison had just won the battle of Tippecanoe. "I felt that it was up to me," he explained, "to give the future novelists of Indiana a sort of historical background." For, with the simple-mindedness of great men, it did not occur to him that Indiana's coming authors would choose to base the scenes of their best-selling epics in Palestine, Mexico, Graceland, France and other foreign countries.

Professional Etiquette.
The Undertaker (who meets the doctor on the steps of a hotel)—After you, sir—Black and White.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, GOUT, CALCULI, CATARRH, PYELITIS, CYSTITIS, HEMATURIA, ALBUMINURIA, DIABETES, SYPHILIS, AND ALL OTHER DISEASES OF THE URINARY TRACT.

Still, He Didn't Kick.
"You cooked a pudding for your husband in one of these hay stoves, did you?" "Well, he said it wasn't so bad, but he thought the pudding seemed to spoil the taste of the hay."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reliable physicians as the damage they will do is too great to be trifled with and can possibly destroy the brain. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Western Union Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Square.
"Grays, did you ever get even with the doctor who told you to eat wheat bread when you got so badly left?"
"O, yes; I caught up with them at the next corner."

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

FAZ OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure all cases of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 66c.

Postmen Collect Debts.

A debt-collecting agency which is run as a part of the regular public postal system is the newest "improvement" of the postoffice of Austria.

Despite the novelty of the enterprise, the plan has worked admirably, so that thousands of dollars are collected annually by the postmen throughout the Austrian empire.

The system is very simple. Suppose a tradesman in Vienna has an account due from a customer in, say, such a distant town as Budapest, which he wishes to collect. Distance does not matter in the least.

He merely sends the bill to the postoffice in the capital, whence it is at once transmitted to the postoffice at Budapest. There the postman presents it to the Vienna postoffice, whence it is delivered to the tradesman by postman.

In the event of payment being refused, which, of course, sometimes happens, the creditor is promptly apprised of the fact, and valuable time is thus frequently saved.

His Preference.

"The earthquake that Eastern seismograph recorded was somewhere 14,000 miles away."

"Hasn't it been reported yet?"
"No."

"Well, that's strange. Do you suppose it really occurred?"
"Of course."

"Took place and nobody knew it, eh?"
"Evidently."

"Well, say, that's just the sort of earthquakes I like."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"President Hanson."

"The uncrowned king of the republican monarchy, Norway," is the title which an ex-judge of Chicago gives to Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the famous author-politician, whom he has just visited. Bjornson is described as being as hale and hearty at 70 as most men at 40, and as saying that King Hanson is merely a president elected for life—which latter is not news—Springfield Republican.

Truant boys are inferior in weight, height and chest girth to boys in general.

CRIED EASILY.

Nervous Woman Stopped Coffee and Quit Other Things.

No better practical proof that coffee is a drug can be required than to note how the nerves become unstrung in women who habitually drink it.

The stomach, too, rebels at being continually drugged with coffee and tea, and both contain the drug—caffine.

And your doctor.

"I had used coffee for six years and was troubled with headaches, nervousness and dizziness. In the morning, upon rising I used to belch up a sour fluid, regularly."

"Often I got so nervous and miserable I would cry without the least reason, and I noticed my eyesight was getting poor."

"After using Postum a while, I observed the headaches left me and soon the belching of sour fluid stopped (water brash from dyspepsia). I feel decidedly different now, and I am convinced that it is because I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I can see better now, my eyes are stronger."

"A friend of mine did not like Postum, but when I told her that I liked it, she said on the package, she liked it all right." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Always buy Postum well and it will surprise you.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in page. "There's a reason."



—Indianapolis Sun.

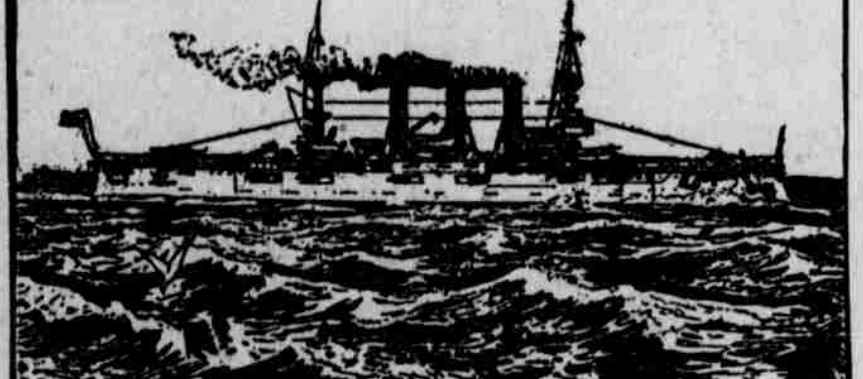
MONARCH OF THE SEA.

Battleship Vermont is Able to Whip Any Ship Afloat.

The standardization trial of the battleship Vermont took place off Rockland over a measured mile. This was to test the screw revolutions at varying speeds, that is, to find out how many revolutions of the screws per minute were required to cover a mile in a given time.

Incensed in ice from stem to stern, the new battleship came into Boston harbor from her trial trip and dropped anchor off the navy yard. She looked like a huge specter as she came up through the narrows, for with the exception of the funnels there was no part of the vessel that wasn't coated with ice and the bow and forward part of the battleship were burdened with tons of the frozen water that had been thrown up as the huge war vessel plowed through head seas at a 17.4-knot clip.

But the trial board is satisfied that the Vermont is the queen of the American navy, for they say that she behaved beautifully through it all. She was required to make eighteen knots but without forcing her she made 18.35.



BATTLESHIP VERMONT, PRIDE OF THE NAVY.

easily over the four-mile course. The boat will soon be ready for active service in the North Atlantic fleet.

Naval Constructor Baxter who has had charge of the completion of the Vermont, said: "Here goes out a ship which demolishes all records of the world in naval construction. Not even Great Britain, the leading country in shipbuilding, has ever sent one of its battleships to sea without preliminary deep water trial. But I know enough about the condition of the vessel to say that she is ready to whip any other battleship in the world, of course, giving her a little practice with her guns."

Heroic Treatment.

In these days, when child study is a hobby, ridden long and hard, it is interesting to read of the nerve-training which fell to the lot of the Quaker author, Amelia Opie, in 1769 and after. The modern mother would shrink with horror from some of the methods used on the sensitive child, but in this case it resulted in splendid stuff.

Mrs. Opie is quoted in a book on "Quaker Worthies."

"I was a creature of fears, tears and screams. My first terror was of black beetles, then of frogs, skeletons, black men and madmen."

My mother made me take a beetle in my hand and hold it. As her word was law, I obeyed, but with awful shrinking. I gradually became accustomed to it, and was frequently told to take one up and put it out of harm's way. I soon overcame that terror.

I was made to hold frogs in my hands, and was taught to nurse a skeleton as I would a doll. I acquired the love of the African race by hearing of its wrongs, and I became an eager advocate of emancipation. Mother compelled me to listen to her kindly converse with two poor old lunatics, and I grew to pity them instead of fearing them.

Long-Lived Mothers.

At Jenkintown, Pa., Oct. 27, four members of one family whose ages aggregate 350 years gathered at a reunion, when Isaac Mather, the oldest of two brothers and two sisters, celebrated his 100th birthday. There were also present two sons and one daughter of the centenarian whose aggregate ages totalled 200 years. It is not believed that anywhere else in the United States will be found a family that can present a like showing.

The four persons whose ages totalled 350 years were: Isaac Mather, 100 years old; Mrs. Rebecca Michener, 100 years old; Miss Ann Mather, his sister, 87 years old; Miss Ann Mather, his sister, 79 years old, and Charles Mather, a brother, 84 years old.

The children whose ages totalled 206 years are: Miss Martha Mather, daughter, 75 years old; Isaac Mather, son, 73 years old; Isaac Mather, son, 58 years old.

Isaac Mather, the centenarian, lives on the old homestead, built on the original tract of land granted to his ancestors by William Penn, at Chelton Hills. In this region he is best known

as the "Grand Old Man of Chelton Hills." He is a Quaker and attends services regularly on Sunday.

He attributes his long life to simple habits. Never in more than half a century has he retired later than 8 o'clock at night, and he is up with the sun in the morning. His brother, Charles, at 84, is still in active business.

Why Opals Are "Unlucky."

The world is full of superstition, and one of the worst is that the opal is "unlucky." This superstition arose when the "black death" swept Europe. At that time the opal was very unpopular, and some noticed that when a victim of the disease was dying the opal on the finger brightened and when he was dead it became dull. Of course, this took the popular fancy and at once opals became "unlucky," and have remained so ever since. Very likely they do not change at all on the fingers of a dying person, and the whole matter is like that question which once caused so much discussion in the scientific world, i. e., why is it that when you put a fish in a bowl of water the weight of the bowl is not increased? Many learned answers were given, but finally one duffer weighed a bowl of

water with and without the fish in it, and thus settled the matter.—Kansas City Journal.

The Perfect Host.

The Duke of Connaught once paid a visit to the late Sir Edwin Arnold at Tokyo, and just before he was leaving his royal highness told the poet that he had been a most untrusting host.

"But," he added laughingly, "there is one thing you have not shown me, which this country is noted for."

"What is that?" inquired Sir Edwin.

"An earthquake," the duke replied.

At that moment there was a violent shock which shook the building and brought some of it tumbling down. The duchess came running in, greatly frightened.

"Oh, what is it?" she gasped. "An earthquake?"

"Only a little magic," said the duke, soothingly. He turned to Sir Edwin with twinkling eyes. "I thought I was not asking too much of you," he said.

Old Story Retold.

Charles Francis Adams was escorting an English gentleman about Boston. They were reviewing the different objects of attraction, and finally came to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when Mr. Adams remarked:

"This is the place, sir, where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not very familiar with American history. "Was he seriously hurt by his fall?"

Mr. Adams looked at his friend.

"Hurt?" said he. "He was killed, sir."

"Ah, indeed!" the Englishman replied, still eyeing the monument and commencing to compute its height in his own mind. "Well, I should think he might have been falling so far,"—Harper's Weekly.

Another Chaste Story.

It is related of Joseph Choate, that when he was a very young man, just starting out to practice law, he was once retained by a shopkeeper to defend him in a suit for damages brought by an employee. Unfortunately for Mr. Choate, his client lost his head completely under cross-examination, furnishing evidence so favorable to the prosecution as to result in a \$5,000 verdict.

The merchant was, nevertheless, highly indignant with his lawyer for having lost the case and when they encountered each other at the court-room door, he blurted:

"If I had a son born an idiot I'd make him a lawyer."

"Your father seems to have been of another opinion," replied young Choate, coolly.—Harper's Weekly.

It is a part of the love disease for a girl to worry more if her young man gets a splinter in his thumb than if father gets a telegraph pole in his arm.

Everything comes the way of some men but cash.

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Thus far the Signorina. I must beg to call special attention to the closing lines of her narrative. But before I relate the very startling occurrence to which she refers, we must return to the baronet's room, where it will be remembered that we were in a rather critical condition. When the officers saw their men suddenly filled with armed men, and heard the alarming order issued by the Colonel, their attention was effectively diverted from me. They crowded together on one side of the table, facing the Colonel and his men on the other. Assisted by the two men sent to my aid, I seized the opportunity to push my way through them and range myself by the side of my leader. After a moment's pause the Colonel began:

"The last thing we would desire, gentlemen," he said, "is to resort to force. But the time for explanation is short. The people of Aureland have at last risen against the tyranny they have so long endured. General Whittingham has proved a traitor to the cause of freedom; he has used the name of liberty to his own ends, and he has sought to destroy liberty. The voice of the people has declared him to have forfeited his high office. The people have placed in my hand the sword of vengeance. Armed with this mighty sanction, I have appealed to the army. The army has proved true to its duty, and I have been enabled to enter the city. I have now only to destroy liberty."

"There was no reply to this moving appeal. He advanced closer to them, and went on:

"There is no middle way. You are patriots or traitors—friends of liberty or friends of tyranny. I stand here to offer you either a traitor's death, or, if you will, life, honor and the satisfaction of all your just claims. Do you mistrust the people? I, as their representative, here offer you the choice of life or death. You—deba who had long been paid but for the greed of that great traitor."

As he said this he took from his men some bags of money, and threw them on the table with a loud clink.

Major DeChair glanced at the bags, and glanced at his comrades, and said:

"In the cause of liberty, heaven forbid we should be behind! Down with the tyrant!"

All the pack yelled in chorus!

"Then, gentlemen, to the head of your men," said the Colonel, and going to the window, he cried to the throng:

"Men, your noble officers are with us. A cheer answered him. I wiped my forehead, and said to myself, 'That's well over.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

I will not weary the reader with our further proceedings. Suffice it to say we marched our host and marched down to the Piazza. The news had spread by now, and in the dimly breaking morning light we saw the Square full of people—men, women and children. As we marched in there was a cheer, not very hearty—a cheer of protest, for they did not know what we meant to do. The Colonel made them a brief speech, promising peace, security, liberty, plenty and all the goods of heaven. In a few stern words he cautioned them against "treachery," and announced that any rebellion against the Provisional Government would meet with swift punishment. Then he posted his army in companies, to keep watch till all was quiet. And at last he said:

"Now, Martin, come back to the Golden House, and let's put that fellow in a safe place."

"Yes," said I, "and have a look for the money." But really in the excitement I did not know that I was a danger of the most important thing of all being forgotten.

The dawn was now far advanced, and as we left the Piazza, we could see the Golden House at the other end of the avenue. All looked quiet, and the sentries were pacing to and fro. Drawing nearer, we saw two or three of the President's servants busied about their ordinary tasks. One woman was already removing Johnny Carr's life-blood with a mop and a pail of water; and a carpenter was at work repairing the front door. Standing by was a doctor's baggage.

"Come to see Carr, I suppose," said I.

Leaving our horses to the care of the men who were with us, we entered the house. Just inside we met the doctor himself. He was a shrewd little fellow, named Anderson, generally popular, and, although he was a doctor, he was a politician, not openly identified with either political party.

"I have a request to make to you, sir," he said to McGregor, "about Mr. Carr."

"Well, he is dead?" said the Colonel.

"If he is, he's got himself to thank for it."

The doctor wisely declined to discuss this question, and confined himself to stating that he was not dead. On the contrary he was going on nicely.

"But," he went on, "quiet is essential, and I want to take him to my house, out of the racket. No doubt it is pretty quiet here, but I don't know."

The Colonel interrupted:

"Will he give his parole not to escape?"

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "the man couldn't move to save his life—and he's asleep now."

"You must wake him up to move him, I suppose," said the Colonel. "But you may take him. Let me know when he's well enough to see me. Meanwhile, I hold you responsible for his good behavior."

"Certainly," said the doctor. "I am content to be responsible for Mr. Carr. I shall see to it that he is safe. Now for Whittingham!"

"Haden't we better get the money first?" said I.

"I must have a bit of food. I've tasted nothing for twelve hours."

One of the servants, hearing him, said: "Breakfast can be sent in at a moment, sir." And he ushered us into the dining room, where we soon had an excellent meal. When we had got through most of it, I broke the silence by asking:

"What are you going to do with him?"

"I should like to shoot him," said the Colonel.

"On what charge?"

"Treachery," he replied.

"That would hardly do, would it?"

"Well, then, embezzlement of public funds."

We had a little talk about the President's destiny, and I tried to persuade the Colonel to milder measures. In fact, I was determined to prevent such a murder if I could without ruin to myself.

"Well, we'll consider it when we've seen him," said the Colonel, rising. "We've wasted an hour breakfasting—it's seven o'clock."

I followed him along the path, and we entered the little room where we had left the President. The sentries were still there, each seated in an armchair. They were not asleep, but looked a little drowsy.

"All right?" said the Colonel.

"Yes, excellency," said one of them. "He is there in bed."

He went into the inner room and began to undo the shutters, letting in the early sun. We passed through the half-opened door and saw a peaceful figure lying in the bed, whence proceeded a gentle snore.

"Good nerve, hasn't he?" said the Colonel.

"Yes; but what a queer nightcap," I said, for the President's head was swathed in white linen.

The Colonel strode quickly up to the bed.

"Done!" he cried. "It's Johnny Carr!"

It was true; there lay Johnny. His excellency was nowhere to be seen. The Colonel shook Johnny roughly by the arm. The latter opened his eyes and said, sleepily:

"Steady there! Kindly remember I'm a trifle fragile."

"What's this plot? Where's Whittingham?"

"Aah, this McGregor," said Johnny with a bland smile, "and Martin. How are you, old fellow? Some beast's hit me on the head."

"Where's Whittingham?" reiterated the Colonel, sagely shaking Johnny's arm.

"Gently!" said I; "after all, he's a sick man."

The Colonel dropped the arm, and Johnny closed his eyes.

"Quits, isn't it, Colonel?"

The Colonel turned from him, and said to his men sternly:

"Have you had any hand in this?"

They protested vehemently that they were as astonished as we were; and so they were, unless they acted consummately. They said that they had entered the outer room or that any sound had proceeded from the inner. They had kept vigilant watch, and must have seen any intruder. Both the men inside were the Colonel's personal servants, and he believed in their honesty, but what of their vigilance? Carr heard him sternly questioning them, and said:

"Those chaps aren't to blame, Colonel. I didn't come in that way. If you'll take a look behind the bed you'll see another door. They brought me in there. I was rather queer and only half knew what was up."

We looked and saw a door where he said. Pushing the bed aside, we opened it, and found ourselves on the back staircase of the premises. Clearly the President had noiselessly opened this door and got out. But how had Carr got in without noise? The sentry came up, saying:

"Every five minutes, sir, I looked and saw him on the bed. He lay for the first hour in his clothes. The next look, he was undressed. It struck me he'd been pretty quick and quiet about it, but I thought no more."

Depend on it, the dressed man was the President, the undressed man Carr! When was that?

"About half-past two, sir; just after the doctor came."

"The doctor?" we cried.

"Yes, sir; Dr. Anderson."

"You never told me he had been here."

"He never went into the President's—into General Whittingham's room, sir; but he came in here for five minutes, to get some water, and stand talking with us for a time. Half an hour after he came in for some more."

We began to see how it was done. That wretched little doctor was in the plot. Somehow or other he had communicated with the President; probably he knew of the door. Then, I fancied, they must have worked something in this way. The doctor comes in to distract the sentries, while his excellency moves the bed. Finding that they took a look every five minutes, he told the President. Then he went and got Johnny Carr ready. Returning, he takes the President's place on the bed, and in that character undergoes an inspection. The moment this is over he leaps up and goes out. Between them they bring in Carr, put him into bed, and slip out through the narrow space of open door behind the bedstead. When all was done, the doctor had come back to see if any suspicion had been aroused.

"I have it now," cried the Colonel. "That doctor's done us both. He couldn't get Whittingham out of the house without leave, so he's taken him as Carr! Swindled me into giving my leave. Ah, look out if we meet Mr. Doctor!"

We rushed out of the house and found this conjecture was true. The man who purported to be Carr had been carried out, enveloped in blankets, just as we sat down to breakfast; the doctor had put him into the carriage, followed himself, and driven rapidly away.

"Which way did they go?"

"Toward the harbor, sirs," the sentry replied.

The harbor could be reached in twenty minutes' fast driving. Without a word the Colonel sprang on his horse; I imitated him, and we galloped as hard as we could, every eye making way before our furious charge. Alas! we were too late. As we drew rein on the quay we saw, half a mile out to sea, and sailing before a stiff breeze, Johnny Carr's little yacht, with the Aureland flag floating defiantly at her mast-head.

We gazed at it blankly, with never a word to say, and turned our horses' heads. Our attention was attracted by a small group of men standing round the storm-signal post. As we rode up, they hastily scattered, and we saw pinned to the post a sheet of note paper. Thereon was written in a well-known hand:

"I, Marcus W. Whittingham, President of the Republic of Aureland, hereby offer a reward of five thousand dollars and a free pardon to any person or persons assisting in the capture, death or alive, of George McGregor (late Colonel in the Aureland army) and John Martin, bank manager, and I do further proclaim the said George McGregor and John Martin to be traitors and rebels against the Republic, and do pronounce their lives forfeited. Which sentence let every loyal citizen observe at his peril."

"MARCUS W. WHITTINGHAM, President."

Truly his was pleasant!

CHAPTER XVII.

The habit of reading having penetrated, as we are told, to all classes of the community, I am not without hope that some who peruse this chronicle will be able, from personal experience, to understand the feelings of a man when he first reads a report offered for his apprehension.

DOCTORS' MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The Physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better by the process of the wrong treatment, but probably worse.

A remedy like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed by the cause would have relieved the disease, thereby by dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that's disease is half cured.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects. It is a perfect cure for all the diseases of the female system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription" attains strength to the whole system and to the organs directly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated, teaching, millinery, dressmaking, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being an equal as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuritis, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms connected with the functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription invigorates the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

Looked That Way.

"Come, Willie," said his mother, "don't be so selfish. Let your little brother play with your marbles a little while."

"But," protested Willie, "he means to have them always."

"Oh, I guess not."

"I guess yes," "cause he's swallowed 'em."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"President Hanson."

"The uncrowned king of the republican monarchy, Norway," is the title which an ex-judge of Chicago gives to Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the famous author-politician, whom he has just visited. Bjornson is described as being as hale and hearty at 70 as most men at 40, and as saying that King Hanson is merely a president elected for life—which latter is not news—Springfield Republican.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LAXATIVE GOLD-MO Ointment. It cures all cases of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 66c.

Queer Remedies of India.

Great virtues are ascribed in India to the claws and horns of certain animals, says the Madras Mail. Tiger claws are in great demand with the common people. One or two claws may be worn near the loins, but should one possess a larger number the fortunate owner makes a garland of them and wears them around his neck.

Deer's horn ground into fine paste is an excellent balm for pains and swellings. A more curious use is found for the same substance; it is sometimes mixed with a powder which is supposed to aid the growth of stunted women.

The joints taken from the long and slender tail of the black scorpion are supposed to keep illness at arm's distance when children wear them on their waist threads.

A red or swollen eye is cured by having it touched with the bolt or chain of a door. A remedy which I have seen applied with considerable effect in more than one epileptic fit is to place a bunch of keys in the palm of the sufferer. I have heard it said that the fit passes away as readily if the keys are placed on the head. A rather quaint remedy in the case of a sprained neck is to use an iron measure for a pillow.

Sore throat is cured by spitting on red-hot iron—quite the simplest and least expensive cure known to the native doctor. Peacock's flesh is a good medicine for acute rheumatism.

Disastrous Failure.

The stocky, red-haired man with the Galway whippers was run in on a charge of too much conviviality and boisterous conduct.

"Brissoner," said Police Justice Wachenheimer, "what is your name?"

"Me name, y